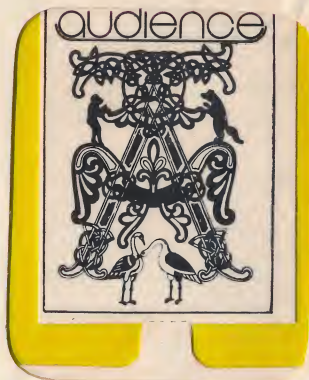


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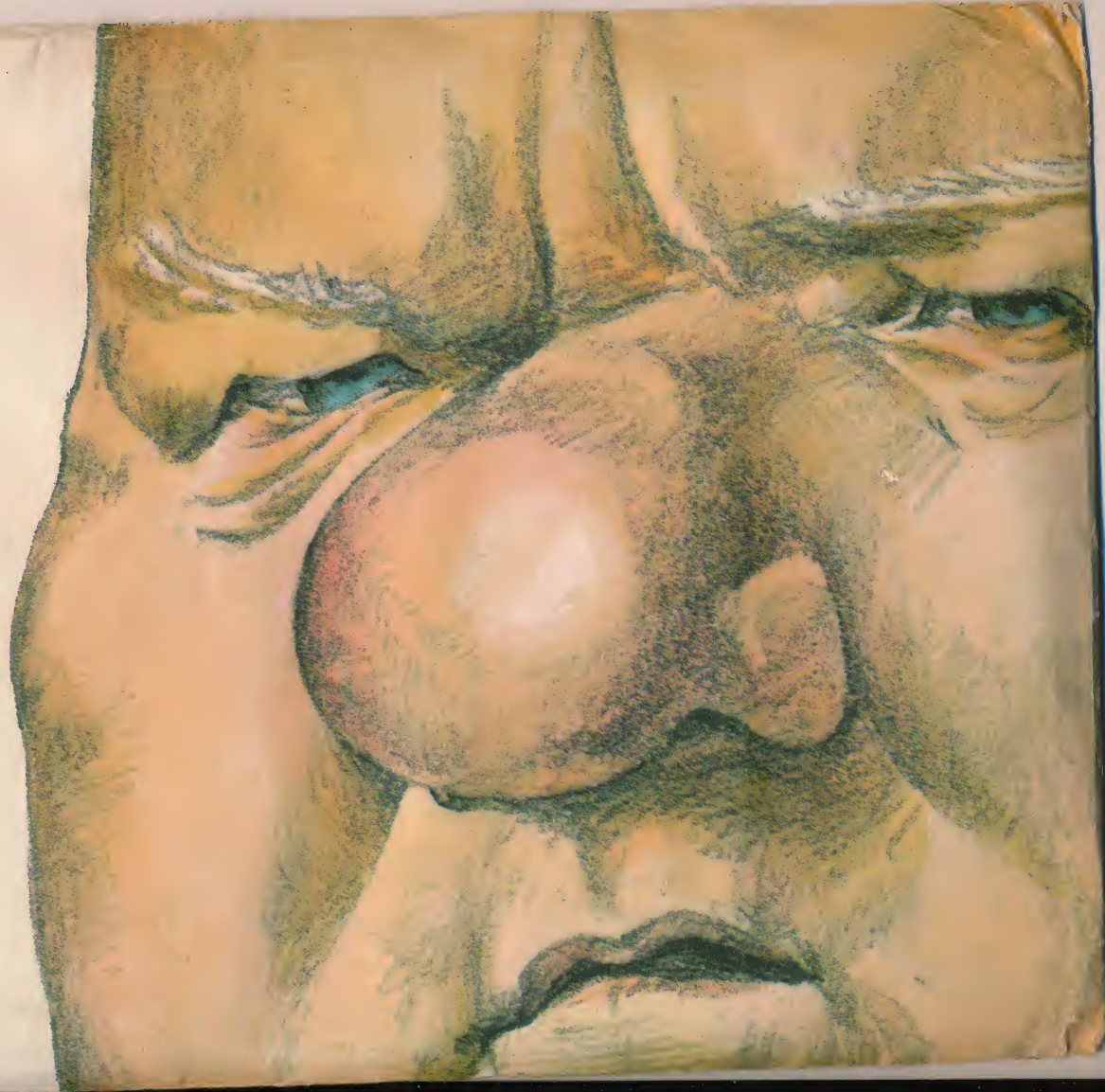


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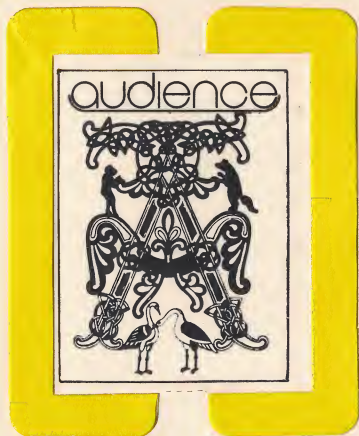
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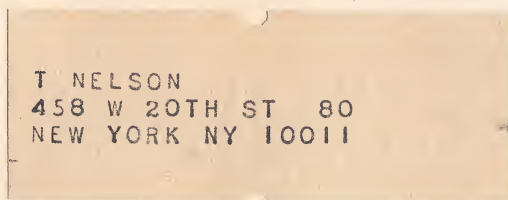
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Audience Magazine

207 East 32nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

COME HAVE A LOOK at our new bi-monthly of the arts, and if you're pleased, invoke your Charter Privileges: immediate cash savings of nearly 40%, additional savings in perpetuity, and, to stash away for the great-great grandchildren, our Volume I, Number One issue, the one that the collectors line up for.

YOUR RATE NOW: just \$15 a year.

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Dear Reader:

It was impudent, it was rude, and it was probably the most inventive protest since a happy anarchist put bubble bath in the fountain at Lincoln Center.

The occasion this time was the dedication last fall of Milwaukee's \$12 million Performing Arts Center.

The program -- bland as a bagel. A quarter pound of symphony orchestra, a pinch of opera, and a pas de deux of ballet. The tickets -- \$100 each. The audience -- banker, broker, beer baron:

The Schlitzes were there. The Pabsts. The Blatzes. The Millers High Life. And outside, some 600 students, armed with...

...balloons! The second the platitudes started pouring from the platform ("historic occasion," "civic pride"), the kids began rubbing the balloons with their fingertips, setting up a squeak heard almost all the way to Chicago -- deafening, dynamic, deserved.

If much of 20th Century "culture" as presently prepared, packaged and proffered brings out the balloon squeaker in you, hold off for a moment while we tell you about AUDIENCE, our new hard-cover magazine of the arts created to celebrate soul, and then some:

innovation, relevance, style, dexterity, accomplishment,
invention, verve, vision, merit, substance, deftness,
inspiration, grace, savoir-faire, charisma, Geist...

...and all the other factors that contribute to excellence, which is really what AUDIENCE is all about. Here are examples from our first issue:

*****The excellence of viewing a metropolis not from its core, but its circumference. In our first issue, Charles Pratt walks you around the edges of New York to see the revelations in highways, railyards, factories, dumps, and always, the hidden places of beauty.

*****The excellence of Yevtushenko, one of the few poets today who is still actively memorized, and the embarrassment of the Kremlin. Volume I, Number One takes you on a lyrical odyssey across the heartland of Russia, with accompanying photographs by Marc Riboud.

*****The excellence that comes when the satirist splendid is turned loose on the subject awful. In the case of our premier issue, Thomas Meehan's Rabelaisian ruminations on how Playboy's gatefold is produced each month.

AUDIENCE celebrates established excellence. The Nobel laureate, the National Institute of Arts and Letters Gold Medalist, the Bancroft, Brandeis and Bollingen prize winner, the Pulitzer journalist, the Guggenheim fellow will turn up regularly in our pages. The Photoplay winner, just as regularly, won't.

AUDIENCE also celebrates emerging excellence. The new black playwright, the rock balladeer, the workshop novelist, the underground scenario writer, the quarterlies poet, the university press historian, biographer, critic, may very well come to you in AUDIENCE. Jacqueline Susann may very well not...

There are enough magazines that celebrate banality -- a little something for everybody. Isn't it time, then, that someone gave a voice to what's really worthy? We think so, and hence our new magazine. As Oscar Wilde pointed out, the only man who can equally and impartially admire everything is the auctioneer.

Our advisory board: Alan Arkin, Saul Bass, Saul Bellow, Robert Bolt, John Cassavetes, Charles Eames, Philip Johnson, Marisol, Inge Morath, Gordon Parks, Anne Sexton, Robert Penn Warren, Tom Wicker and John A. Williams. All admit to being over 30...

...but be advised that our workaday staff has a median age of 28.7 years -- you can trust us. And then there are our designers. They're something else again:

Milton Glaser and Seymour Chwast are neither young nor old, but timeless, and are two of the most celebrated of the new graphics stylists. Their brilliant treatment of our pilot issue has already won major design awards.

AUDIENCE is a periodical in the grand tradition -- the school of Vanity Fair, Flair, Realites, Apollo. Arresting new typefaces. Color plates profuse as daisies. Beautiful papers throughout. A generous, but manageable, nine by twelve inches, considerably more lavish than the skimpy average.

No interruptions for the commercial, either -- AUDIENCE does not carry advertising. And it is bound between boards, not mere foolscap. Our magazine comes to you every other month in hard cover. If all this sounds unnecessarily opulent, there's a theory behind our wild spending:

Most people, we find, would no more throw out AUDIENCE than the cat. Instead let the magazines build on your shelves, and in time you'll have for the record a set of matching, bound archives re-creating all that was beautiful, significant, excellent in the arts from that extraordinary decade called the '70s!

Unless you live near a first-rate bookstore you probably won't find AUDIENCE. Supermarkets and cigar stores don't do much rush business in magazines that cost \$4.95 a copy. Our advice is to subscribe for a lot less. And to subscribe now, when publication is just getting underway:

Charter Subscribers get privileges that Johnny-Come-Latelys won't be offered:

You save almost 40% immediately. Once publication begins, AUDIENCE will be \$24 a year. Sign on now, and your price is only \$15. Your subscription copy price is slashed, thereby, to just \$2.50 -- a savings of about half the \$4.95 you'd pay in the bookstore.

Additional savings in perpetuity. Remember when Life Magazine was a dime? It's now five times that much. We can't guarantee AUDIENCE's prices for the future, but we can assure you as a

Charter Subscriber that you'll always get the best break.

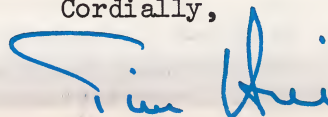
You're down for the Premier Issue. It's fun to get in on things from the start. It's also frequently profitable. Our Volume I, Number One issue will not only give a lift to your spirits, but might surprise you by becoming somewhat valuable. Bibliophiles and collectors are more than fond of mint first editions.

No need to send payment in advance. You can give yourself the opportunity of a look at AUDIENCE first. If you love it, then write out your check. If not, nothing ventured.

A news dispatch from Blantyre, Malawi, tells us that "Lady Chatterly's Lover" has been banned by that country's federal government. Not for reasons of morality. But because the book is too long. Lest we now invoke the same fate at your hands...

...we stop our "sell" right here. If you'd like to be listed as a Charter Subscriber, all you need is a mailbox. Why not head for it now, reservation in hand, before the weather changes?

Cordially,



Tim Hill
Editor

P.S. It's not for nothing that W. C. Fields takes up a good half of our Prospectus -- enclosed. There's a man who had style. But for some years now, style hasn't always been stylish. AUDIENCE hopes to reverse the trend.

Outfox the Fellow in t

audience

A C



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The Bright Nightgown

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to this sure, true, blithe
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live to beauty, to humor,

THE PEOPLE

AUDIENCE celebrates excellence
wherever excellence is to be found —
brownstone, commune, playing field,
concert hall, garret, campus,
proscenium, foundry, ghetto, chateau,
Volkswagen bus.

Our Editorial Board is something
else again:

Alan Arkin, Saul Bass, Saul Bellow,
Robert Bolt, John Cassavetes,
Charles Eames, Philip Johnson,
Marisol, Inge Morath, Gordon Parks,
Anne Sexton, Robert Penn Warren,
Tom Wicker, John A. Williams.

A galaxy of prize-winning poets,
novelists, playwrights, artists. An
actor (*Catch-22*). A film director
(*Faces*). A Magnum group
photographer. The architect of the
Seagram Building. The designer of the
modular chair in which you may now
be sitting.

THE GRAPHICS

AUDIENCE is published every other
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group ever honored with an exhibition
at the Louvre. Their pilot issue of
AUDIENCE, by the way, has already won
top honors from the prestigious
Society of Publication Designers — an
unheard-of coup first time out.

Specifications? Probably not even a
Medici Pope could have commanded a
book more opulent, more lavish.
216 square inches to the open spread.
And depending on the contents of
individual issues, a positively sensuous
interlacing of papers. Papers for art
reproduction, of a weight and quality
for framing, and color plates by the
bin. Rich tint papers for text.
Typefaces of custom design. Foldouts.
Stitch-ins. Endpapers. And for
permanence, heavy board covers. In
graphics, too, AUDIENCE is a celebration
of style. A celebration of excellence.

THE DEAL

Where available in a very few
expensive metropolitan bookstores,
AUDIENCE will carry a cover price of
\$4.95 the issue, or \$29.70 for the full
volume year, numbers one through six.
*A reward for becoming a Charter
Subscriber, however, is saving almost
half this cost — provided you're prompt
in using the order form enclosed:*

Volume I, Number One is now on the
press, and as much as we'd like to
accept all comers, the print order for
this first edition has now been set —
an accommodation to collectors.

"Don't let 'em bamboozle you, son,"
Fields once said, "but never drink
anything stronger than gin before
breakfast, either." Our magazine is
guaranteed to please. But if, for some
reason, our Volume I, Number One
issue *should* leave you feeling
bamboozled, return it, and so much for
AUDIENCE and you.

Outfox the Fellow in t

CONTENTS OF THE VOLUME ONE, NUMBER ONE

"It was Fields who taught us that a man's ideas are not, ultimately, as important as his imaginative stake in reality, and that Earl Long, in his pajamas, with his stripper, is indescribably preferable to Billie Sol Estes, with his Sunday-piety and sex-segregated swimming pool."

John Clellon Holmes has written the dedication of our premier issue to W. C. Fields with "Uncle Willy and Us." Drawings, Edward Sorel.

"Nijinsky had a pair of feet you'd have had to see to believe. His heels and the base of his toes were equidistant from his ankles. No other mammal with feet like that had ever been seen outside Australia."

Nelson Algren writes on a standing skirmish between the dancer and his impresario, Diaghilev, by way of proving an Algren theory that integrity in art is "a matter of who swings the mackerel." Illustration, Milton Glaser.

"We think of the highway as the destroyer of wilderness, but actually it is our own wilderness. Your car breaks down on a superhighway, and, once stopped, you realize the chances are that nobody has ever been exactly where you are in this wilderness of movement, and probably nobody ever will be again."

You don't know New York City until you view it from the circumference, as Charles Pratt does in a haunting essay, "Edges of the Emerald City." Photographs by the author.

"Q. If you could change one character trait in yourself, it would be?

A. My shyness."

Answer on a Playmate Data Sheet, required of each candidate before her photograph, posed nude, is considered for a Playboy foldout. The hilarious piece is by Tom Meehan, and it's called "We Like to Find a Late-Maturing Girl." Illustrations, Robert Grossman.

"Another hot day, he thinks suddenly and is filled with He turns over, burrows his pillow, flings his arms wide becomes a limp lifeless creature without waking he thinks curse on the sun ploughing his neck with a broad furr

So begins "Another Hot" a profoundly moving story of Israeli, A. B. Yehoshua. Translated from the Hebrew by Miriam

"Perhaps the high point of the guide came at the airport on the Black Sea, where the Aeroflot booking counter whether he was an Intourist interpreter. She was probably a girl in the Soviet Union who recognize Yevtushenko."

In "Poet's Country," Charles Dutton describes the incredible he and Yevtushenko spent across the U.S.S.R. as being loose in the West with a B. Photographs, Marc Ribot

Edges of the Emerald City Charles Pratt

This is an attempt to characterize a place that is fast vanishing—the edge of the city. It is vanishing because all American cities are growing out toward each other, their suburbs blending into one big suburb. I find myself drawn to edges with a sense of urgency, knowing that they may be gone tomorrow—not just extended but really, finally gone.

The nature of edge-places is both varied and contradictory—sometimes lively, sometimes tranquil and nostalgic, and often very lonely—but they all have two things in common. First of all, no one bothers with them. They are left to them-

New Yorkers are not abstractions and resent being considered as such; so we leave looking at the tall buildings to the tourists and concentrate on an area only about ten feet high which extends horizontally along every block in the city; these are the busy storefronts that enclose us in a frantic little cave of our own making and keep us from being too dominated by what is above us.

Looking up at the tallest man-made things we can see or else sticking to ourselves and the store windows, we tend to disregard all of that stuff in the middle—say at twenty feet—which, when you come down to it, is a lot of stuff. I sometimes won-



the Bright Nightgown

THE ISSUE, FIRST OF YOUR CHARTER SUBSCRIPTION

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" Father's friend Ray at the planing mill
worked wood the color of afternoon air,
curls of it clasp everything there —
like the legs of the saw that mumbled
at first,
and then the white shriek through birch.

While the two talked I felt the boards,
yellow and
smooth, and uncured rolls
of handshaved pine, put them like rings
around my arm to wear them home.
My father said, "Sure, leave them on."

As we started for home Father told me
that another man when they were all young
was close to them, and they sang in church.
When the other man died Ray ran out
to the country and hid, from grief —
two days.

I remember that clutch, and I wave again
back through the sun at Father's friend."

"Father, His Friend, and Another"
is one of a half-dozen poems in
William Stafford's touching
recollections of *Family and Friends*.

"In a village somewhere in the Ukraine
there lived a poor man called Todie.
Todie had a wife, Shaindel, and seven
children, but he could never earn
enough to feed them properly. He tried
many trades and failed in all of them.
It was said of Todie that if he decided to
deal in candles the sun would never set..."

Blend Sholem Aleichem with
Hans Christian Andersen, and you get
Isaac Bashevis Singer's "Shrewd
Todie and Lyzer the Miser," one of two
fables clearly marked for posterity in the
issue. Illustrations, Seymour Chwast.

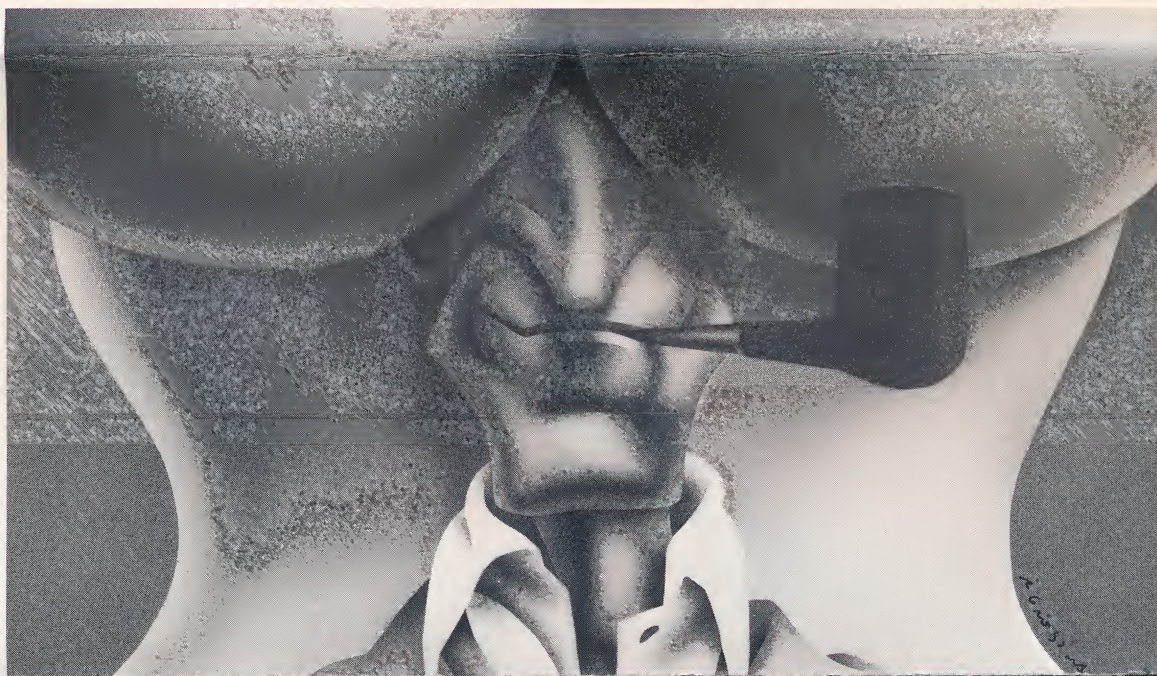
Also in Volume I, Number One: An
exhibition, in portfolio, of black and
white photographs by Dennis Stock
depicting certain aspects of California
— surf, freeway, playland, religion, the
Strip. A portfolio of paintings entitled
"Images, Illusions" by Robert
Weaver, which includes this irresistible
instruction: "To produce a three-
dimensional effect, view each pair, cross
eyes until three images appear, then
concentrate on the middle image."

Two
Children's
Stories





“We Like
To Find A
Late-
Maturing
Girl”



The
Playmate
Process
by Thomas
Meehan

by Isaac
Bashevis
Singer

translated by the author
and Elizabeth Shub

Shrewd
Todie
and Lyzer
the Miser



Swan Lake Re-Swum

Nelson Algren



a new routine.

Employing Picasso, Derain, de Chirico, Matisse, Utrillo, Rouault, Gris, Miro, and Braque as set designers; and commissioning the music of Debussy, Ravel, Richard Strauss, Poulenc, Milhaud, Prokofiev, Stravinsky, and Buffy St. Marie, they opened in Odessa. The Archduke Ferdinand of Austria attended.

Diaghilev, wearing a putty nose, an orange string tie down to his yellow shoetops, and baggy pants tied with rope, played stooge. Nijinsky did an *entrechat-six*, Diaghilev said, "Try coming down on one toe," and Nijinsky would come down on one toe. Diaghilev said, "Try going a little higher," and Nijinsky did an *entrechat-huit*. Diaghilev asked, "Why'd you come down so soon?" Nijinsky answered: "Master, what do you require of me?" Diaghilev then drew a beat-up cigar butt out of his lapel, began smoking it without lighting it and replied, "*Ecoutez-moi!*" Upon which Nijinsky hit him with the mackerel.

The archduke fell out of his box. For an encore, they harmonized on, "If I Can't Sell It I'll Keep Settin' On it—I Just Won't Give It Away." The act was on its way to continental triumphs.

Their greatest successes, naturally, were in the seaports.

Yet Nijinsky grew more irritable with every triumph.

"Leave the room when you pick your teeth," he reproached Diaghilev. Diaghilev refrained from pointing out that it was mackerel bones he was picking. All he did was to suggest that, thereafter, Nijinsky use a foam-rubber fish.

Nijinsky became infuriated at Diaghilev's suggestion.

"Before I would use an artificial fish I would abandon my art," he assured Diaghilev.

"Have it your own way," Diaghilev shrugged, "but let me remind you that, next week in Barcelona, it'll be your turn to smoke the funny cigar."

The act broke up in Barcelona.

Which just goes to show you—integrity in art

Outfox the Fellow in t

audience

A C



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The Bright Nightgown

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inward view.*
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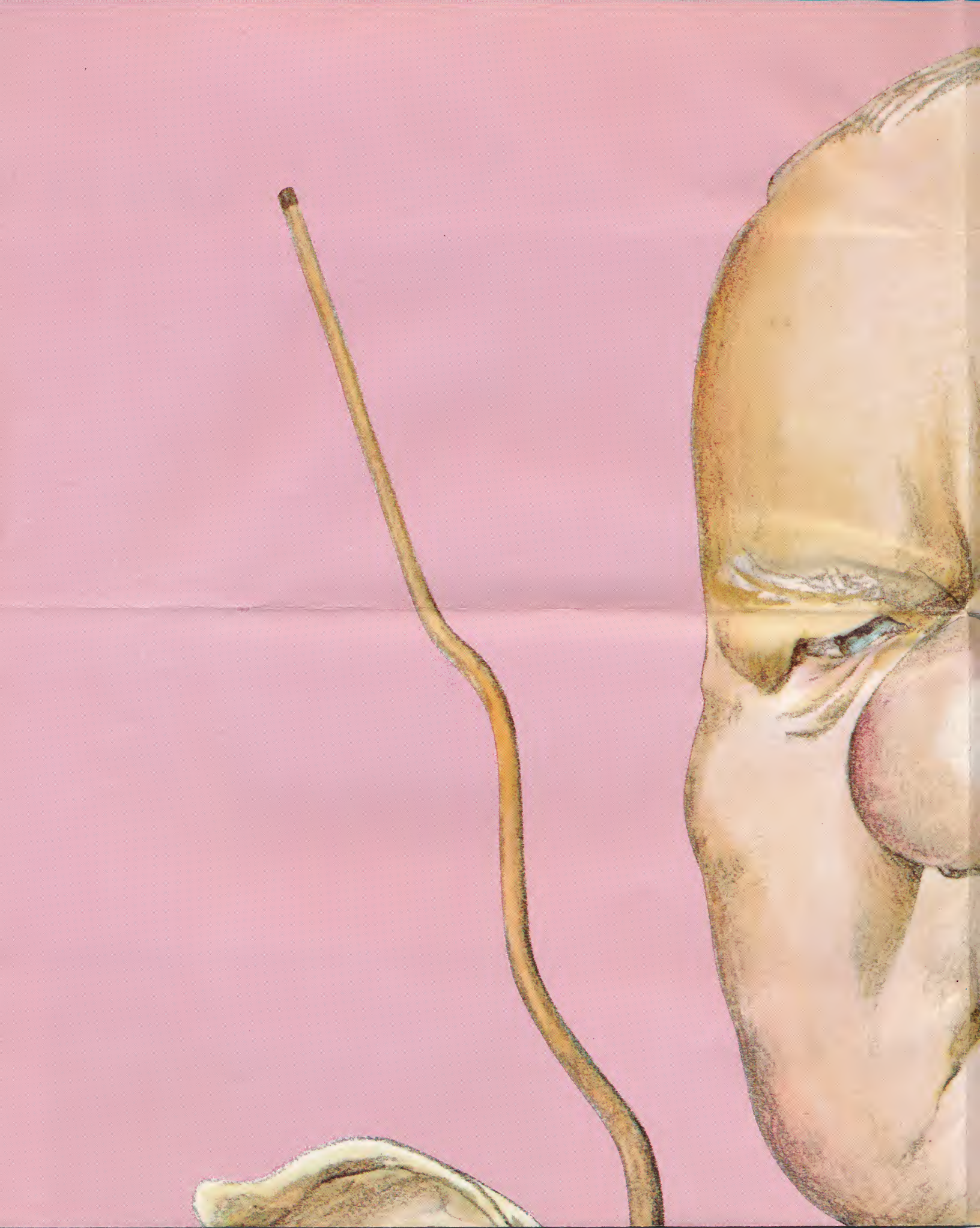
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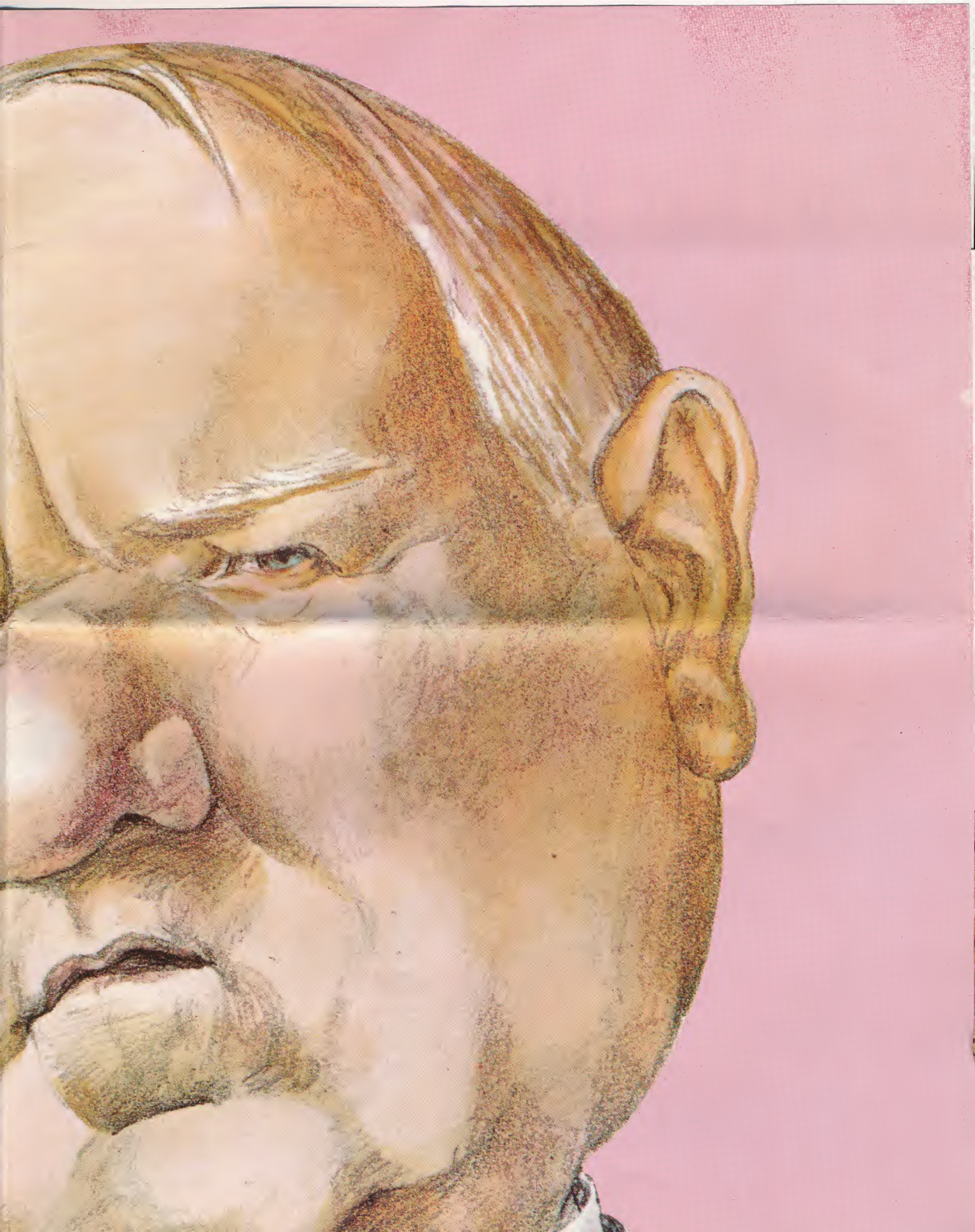
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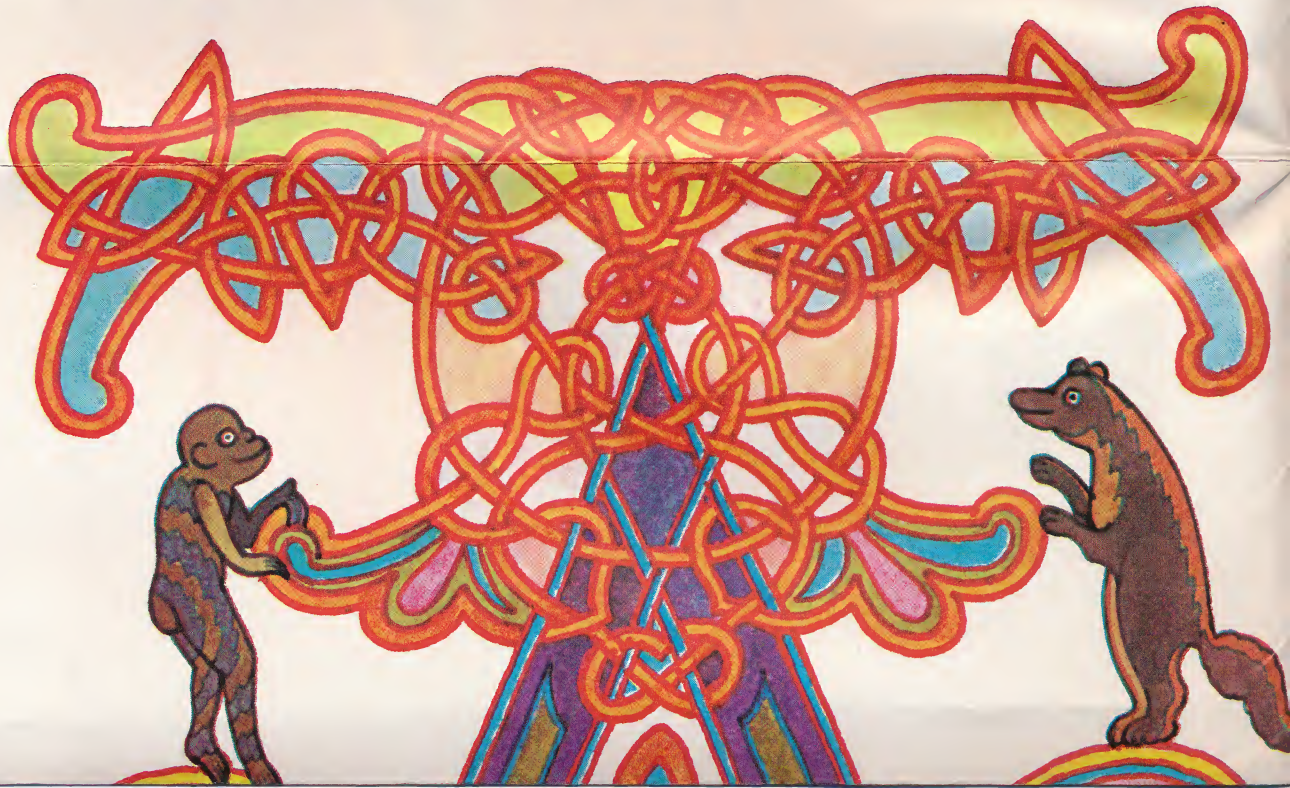
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audience









Edmund Ford